

ROSELYN GUTZEN  
Washington, D.C.

DRAWING 22

sculptors - B  
(Busts)

71. 2009, 085, C13012




# Statues of Abraham Lincoln

Gutzon Borglum  
Washington, D.C.

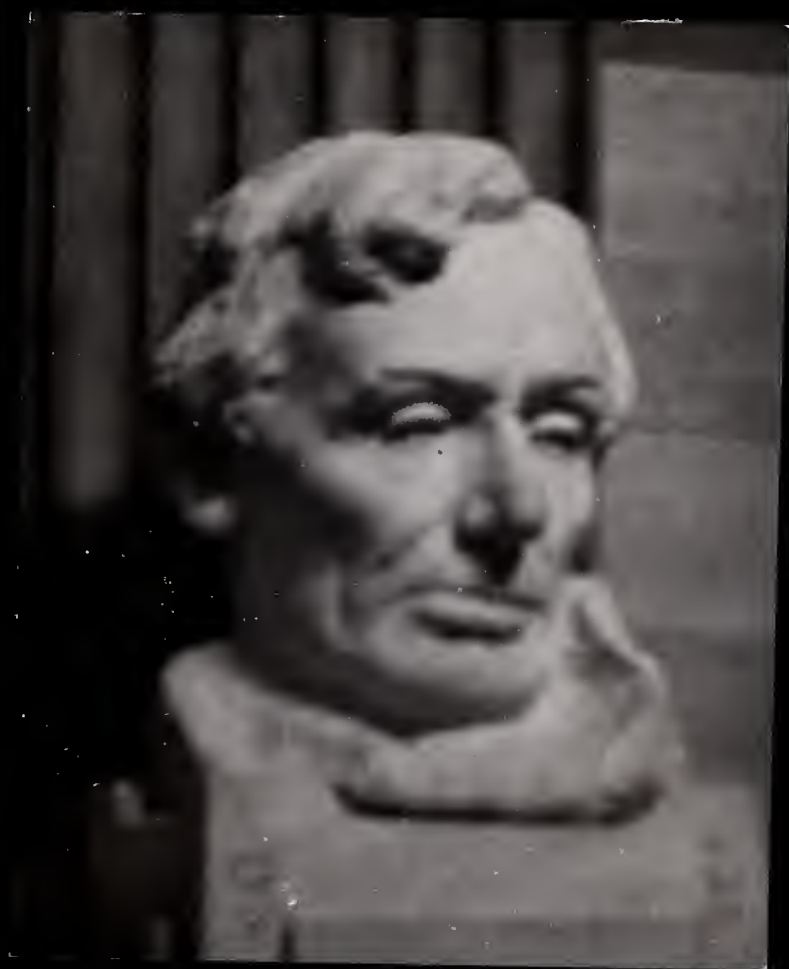
Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection



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<http://archive.org/details/statuexxxxxxxxxxblinc>

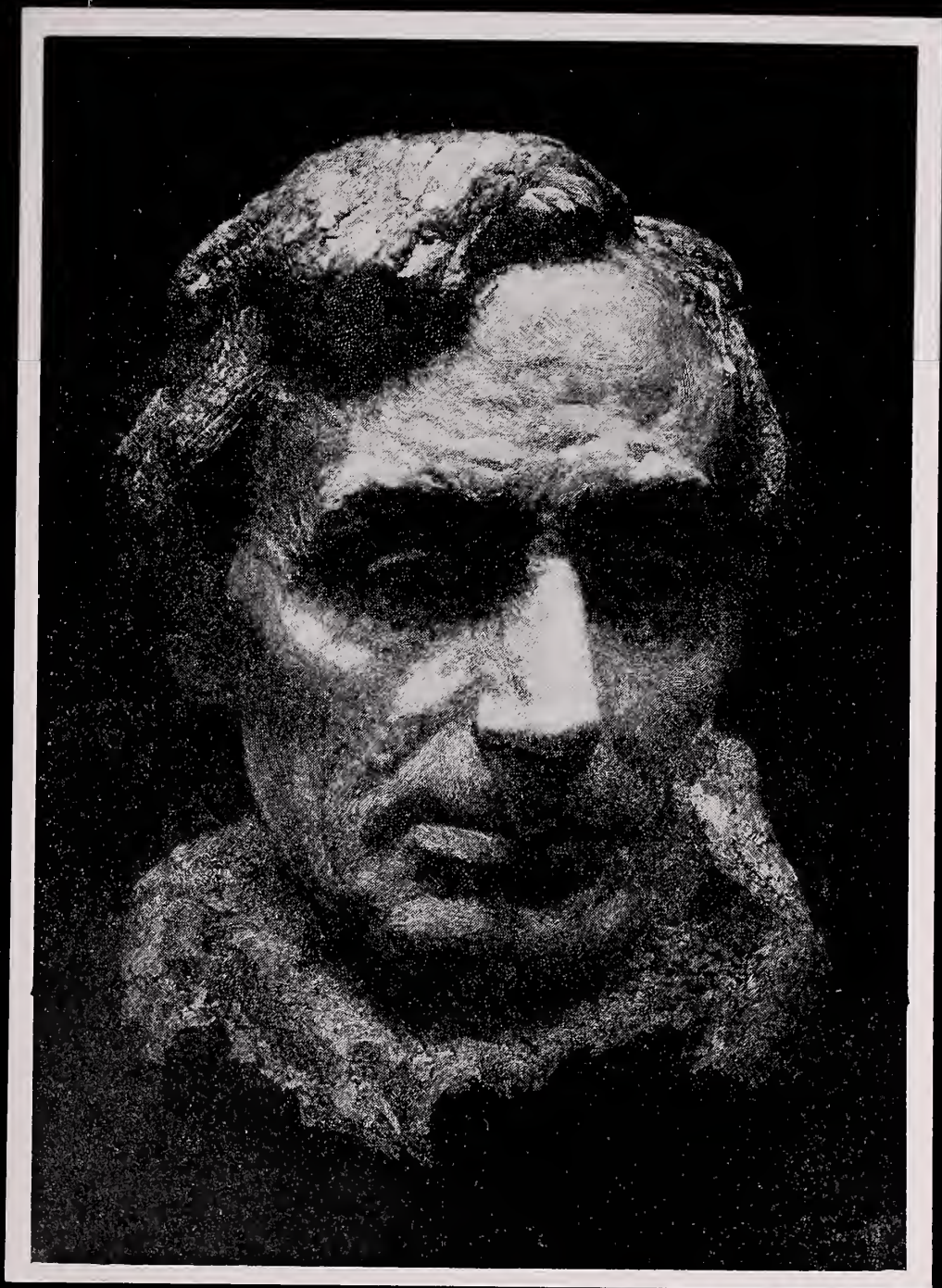




Gutzon Borglum's bust of Lincoln is also located in the rotunda of the Capitol. It was the gift of Eugene Meyer, Jr. in 1908.











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For James study of Life mark  
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*From the Borglum head of Lincoln at the Capitol, Washington*



**"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE"**

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7/10/17





February, 1923.

# Lincoln—Prophet and Saviour

By GUTZON BORGLUM



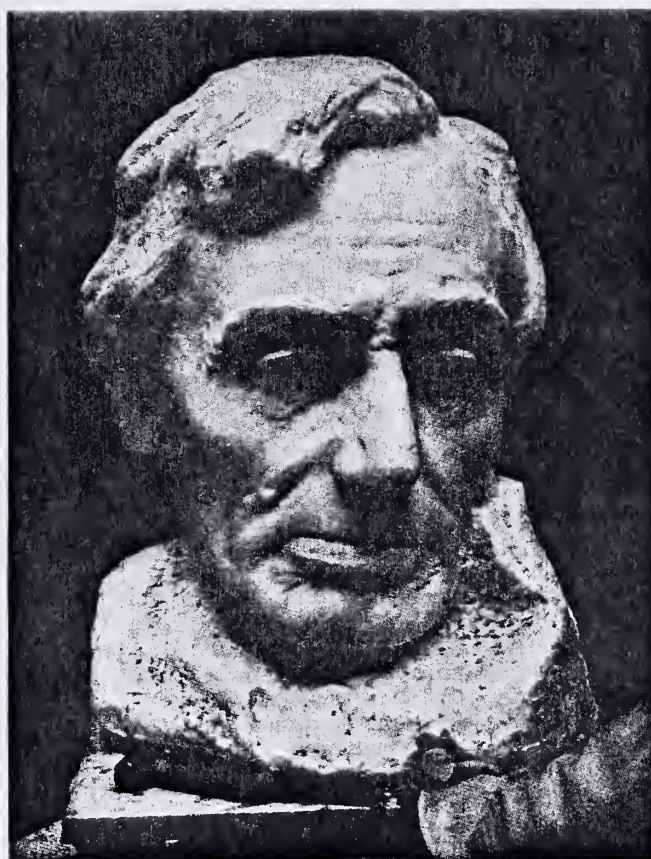
**A**BRAHAM LINCOLN, America's prophet and saviour, was cradled in the experimental hours of our great republic. Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Andrew Jackson and Clay were the leaders and the living pilots of our National Ship of State, and young Lincoln was seventeen years old when Jefferson and Adams died in 1826. He was dressed in and grew to manhood in the knee breeches of the Colonials. He witnessed as a child the years of the war of 1812, and is definitely a product mentally, morally and politically of those graduating years when this great experiment in self-determination was testing its strength and dealing with its world position as an independent nation. He was the witness of the young nation's development from a population of about five millions to almost forty millions at his death, and in that development he witnessed the struggle for economic control waged North and South for possession of the Federal authority at Washington. He saw, feared and fought harder than any living descendant of the colonial days who had witnessed the youth of our national life against the spread and power of protected wealth, and he struck hard at human slavery as the most degrading form of that economic tyranny. So he preached and labored, adding prophetically that *he feared a growing slavery in the power of wealth that might yet be worse and harder to control than the slavery we had.*

Abraham Lincoln, with Washington and Jefferson, Cleveland and Roosevelt, was among the few Presidents who returned to the people unimpaired and uncorrupted by his acts, by the extraordinary executive authority exercised as President, and with the prestige of that office

strengthened it as a "public trust." He regarded labor as the basis of wealth, and rightly deserving of the first consideration; yet in all of his writings, in his official or private acts there appears no single indication that favors any group of men or interest as against the just claims of others. Lincoln appears to me after many years of study to have been, with possibly the sole exception of Washington, the most ideal executive, fitting and deserving the great unlimited, yes, dangerous prerogative our Constitution permits to our presidents.

Born in the back yard of the nation, and grown to manhood choring for the frontiersman of our young country, self educated, Lincoln was protected from the corrupting influences of our Eastern civilization. His pure belief and trust in our democracy, his faith in the prevalence of what was right, became an inevitable part of his public acts, and carried him through the bitterest days his beloved nation ever endured. There is something unique and deserving of the most serious consideration in the fact that this young man, removed from the advantages of association without a mother or father to guide, should have found in the life about him so much of good.

Lincoln was probably, with the exception of Jefferson, one of the purest democrats who ever presided at Washington. He believed in the worth and integrity of ordinary people, and habitually thought in terms of the many rather than in the interest of the few. He was also one of the most consummate masters of men who ever acted as President, and like Washington, one of the few who dared to create a cabinet—his associate administrators—out



This massive head of Lincoln resting in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is the acknowledged masterpiece of Gutzon Borglum, one of the world's greatest living sculptors.

of men opposed to him politically, and yet produced with them a great harmonious administration.







Henry Miller Service.

Senator Willis, of Ohio, right, and Senator Bayard, of Delaware, who read poems and made addresses in the Senate yesterday in commemoration of the birthday of President Abraham Lincoln.

*Washington Post (A.C.) Feb. 13-1926*





# What is Beauty in Sculpture?

By  
GUTZON BORGLUM

*who is the sculptor of the colossal head of Lincoln in the National Capitol; the Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain—which he designed and began; the national memorial on Mount Rushmore, in the Black Hills; and many other conspicuous works. He is also a painter and a writer and has repeatedly proved himself a two-fisted fighter—in politics, in the wartime aircraft investigation, in connection with some of his big sculptural commissions, and in his active interest in boxing. Born in Idaho of Danish parentage, he lived west of the Missouri until he was nineteen, and then on his own earnings went to Europe.*

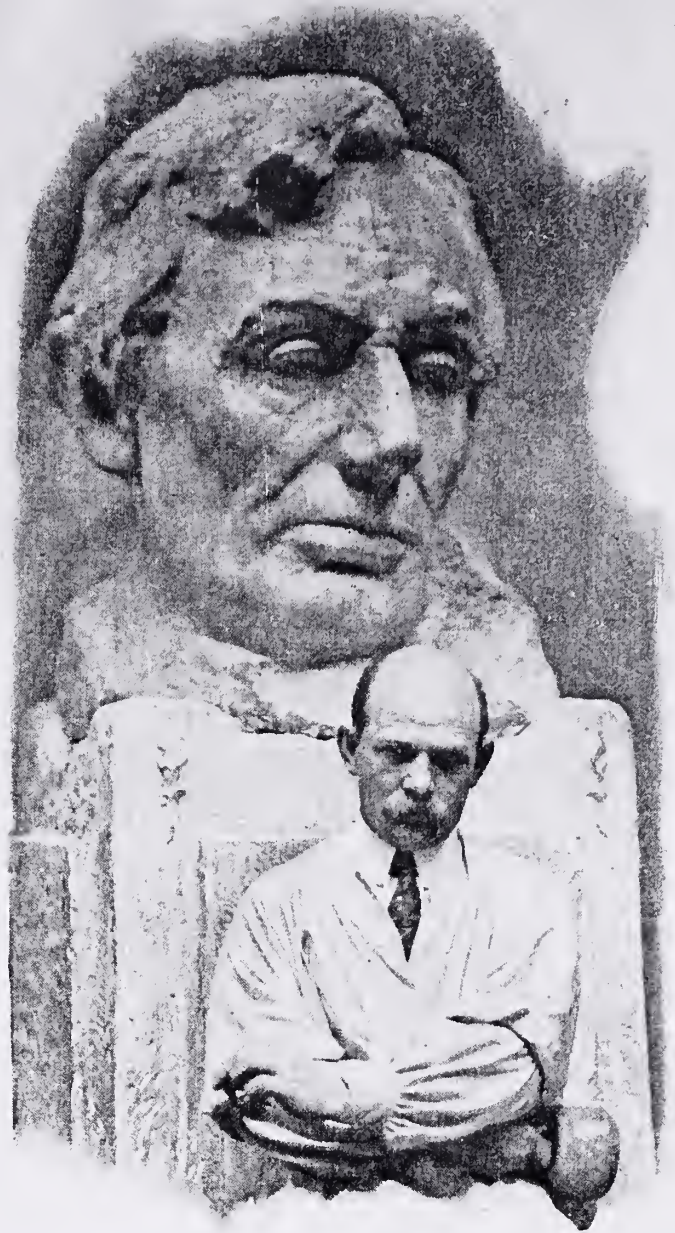
**"L**a lumière tombe; faut l'arrêter joliment." I know not who is the author of this profound and beautiful observation: "The light falls; we must arrest it beautifully." If we cannot find here much of the creed and inspiration of sculptured beauty, then I am wholly at a loss as to where to look.

Before we enter into any analysis of beauty, let us develop this thought regarding light, for light is not only the revealer of beauty but becomes itself an indispensable factor in the revelation; it gives quality to the form revealed. Beauty of form means something more than perfection, therefore it may be something less than "perfection." Beauty means something more or other than "order." It means the presence of charm—an idea so ordered and so happily arranged that light betrays and reveals it; and in this, at least in part, one's own ideal is born, a sense of one's own perfection is revealed; memories, dreams, of which we may or may not have become wholly conscious, are revealed and beauty is born.

Beauty is like a soul that hovers over the surface of form. Its presence is unmistakable, in art or in life, with or without action, with or without color. It is nowhere; it is everywhere; it is in us. The measure of its revelation depends on the measure of our own soul-consciousness, the boundaries of our own spirit. And yet beauty exists quite apart from and without us. We have as little to do with it as with the stars or the moon, but like the rainbow we must be where it can be seen or we do not see it. Beauty is as undefinable as spirit, and yet it is the most potential, dominating force in civilization. It invades everything; it has no night nor day; it is sleepless. One need only not oppose it and it will become one's nearest soul companion. It finds its way into movement, into manners, into all living relationship, carriage, gesture, dress, home, privacy.

When Beauty has invaded one's privacy, she has made her supremest conquest. Beauty that follows one beyond the locked or bolted door is the purest; that alone is sacred. When beauty homes with us alone, she becomes fecund, she becomes the light that leads civilization. No age is great that is not on the most intimate terms with beauty; no age grows without her biting lash and caress.

I've heard it somewhere that billions annually are spent



Brown Bros. photo

The author and his colossal head of Lincoln.

masking the time-engraved cheek or doctoring the blue lip or tired eye. This is not the beauty with which we are concerned. Masks have never succeeded in being other than masks, and they deceive and blind only the masqueraders.

**T**HIS brings us to the artificial, to the academic criterion that measures beauty in terms of physical regularity. We do not admit that physical regularity standardized is more than an aid to beauty. Vigor, health, and something we call soul determine in sexual selection, therefore these qualities nature determines shall prevail in the creative world. This indubitable law should warn the academic that regularity of form is likely a de-souled product and characterless, a mask simply of perfection. Perfection of form, color of hair, the drawing of a brow, nose, eyes, mouth, chin, throat, shoulders, bust, arms, hands, body, mean nothing in themselves; there is no beauty in a face or body that lacks animation; there is no beauty in perfection of form that lacks inspiration. No better proof of this exists than the lifeless copies of masterpieces that litter the world. Sculpture is dead that is not inspired.

For a quarter of a century I have pursued and worshiped this illusive goddess we call Beauty as one does a religion, and I have found her as intangible as infinite. I have also found that the only enemies to great beauty

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overeducated; that all standards were lifeless or died immediately they became established. Finally, I have found that if beauty were definable or could be made conventional, it would long since have ceased to lead youth to new civilization, new consciousness. Beauty must be the will-o'-the-wisp of creative impulse. It must be the beckoning lure to every soul born related to the creative impulses in nature, whether he dream in harmonies, color, form, or language, in Babylons or, like Justice Holmes, in law.

I want to return to our beginning before I get too deep into nowhere. Out of the heavens the light falls. Let me picture what happens, and then review further the theory and some vagaries of this strange lure that affects not only the animal world but the universe, or, as they say, everything under the sun and beyond.

Let us imagine a square space, framed, black as space, utterly devoid of light, therefore devoid of color or visible form. It is as a blind clouded night. Let us imagine then that suddenly a beam of light is freed from somewhere above. In the center of this dark space, light reveals a round, soft, blurred spot of gold; from this about halfway down springs a line suggesting the segment of a circle, somewhat like the inverted crescent of a moon; the line travels down and is lost like the moon in the dark.

Suddenly you recognize it's the head of a child, and with this recognition all that's latent in human relations responds. In the curving line you see the shoulders, the back; in the quick trembling and general contour you recognize life, youth, grief! Every fine emotion one possesses is awakened, and yet light has revealed only a circle of soft gold and enough of a larger circle to awaken a world of the finer human responses.



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library  
*The world-renowned  
Venus of Milo.*

bling fingers clutch at a throbbing throat. Observe how this face arrests the light; how the light falls; how, softened and broken by the falling hair, it rests and plays on her forehead, on brows puckered, eyes wide in wonder. Note how the light passes through a tear as if it were a jewel, and on into the eyes and, arrested there, reveals the little one's soul: Note how the light draws, in half light, the nervous fear-revealing fingers. Farther down in the dark the light reveals a knee—and, far back and

under, the edge of an upturned foot. Compose this as your fancy dictates.

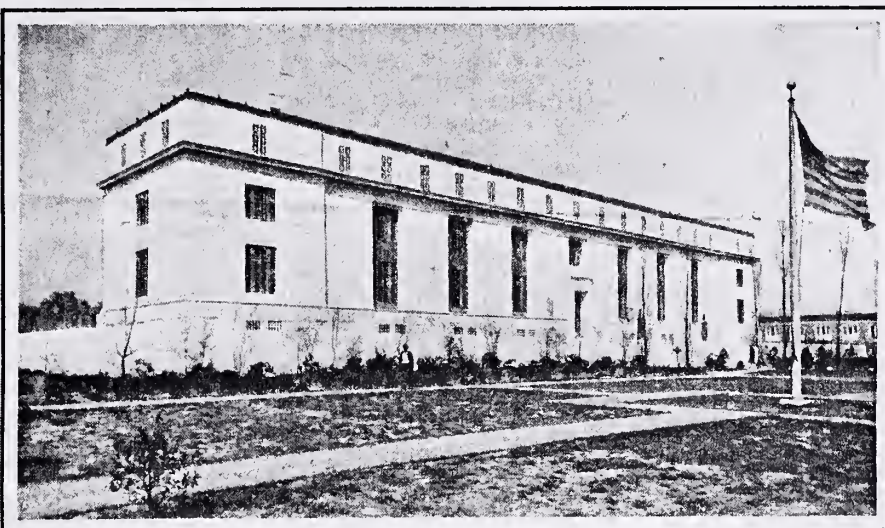
The light falls; you may stop it in a crystal ball, in the palm of an outstretched hand, over the knuckles of a clenched fist. However you do it, arrest it beautifully—that is, with meaning.

Or again, take the figure of a man, the torso of Belvedere. This torso is almost the nude of Moses. Study it, hold it aloft in the night and let a single ray of light fall upon it. One first senses rest, then power. These qualities are shown by the entire upper part of the figure, gathered as if ready to spring, resting on the hips. To this Angelo has added arms that hold in themselves power—and the law. There is here the repose, the static dignity of the gods. We do not think of Moses or David or the recumbent figures of Night and Day by Angelo as objects of beauty any more than we think of the Venus of Milo or the Victory of Samothrace as an object of beauty; and yet it is precisely these masterpieces of great art that have determined and fixed into marble in themselves the ideals of beauty of form of their respective ages.

RECENTLY I was speaking to one of America's best known sculptors of the indispensable part light played in revealing, also in creating beauty. He confessed he was nearly sixty before he recognized the witchery, the infinite variety, the charm and mystery that lay between light and shade, and the care one should give to modeling form in half light.

I was dumfounded, but, I understood at once why his art never rose above lifeless bulk and physical but effeminate mass, and remained mediocre.

No department of museum construction is so stupidly, so thoughtlessly han-



Ewing Galloway photo

*The National Academy of Sciences building in Washington, D. C., regarded by Mr. Borglum as the late B. G. Goodhue's masterpiece.*

Then, if your æsthetic senses have experienced any awakening, the wonder and impersonal beauty of the revelation bursts upon and absorbs you; surprises your mind and intrigues it to wander into the half light and on into the shadows, to find other forms that memory delights in recalling.

DWELL a long moment on this simple example of the light as it falls and how the head arrests it beautifully. For suddenly the child raises a tear-covered cheek; hand and trem-

dled as the lighting. I do not recall one, and I am familiar with most, that wisely, perfectly lets the light in upon its art works. Wall lights, sky lights, lights from everywhere, and the masterpieces of an age strung along the walls and in corners.

Size and floor space determine museum arrangement, not the Venus of Milo or any less or greater example of a people's soul. Two bits of sculpture in all America leap to my mind, because they are properly and gloriously lighted, therefore can be seen as their creator saw and created them. Both are in the Boston Museum; both are Greek. I could name a dozen equally great masterpieces strewn about the floors of America's storerooms of ancient and modern sculpture, unknown, unrecognized, unseen, because no one in authority knows how to place or light them, knows their beauty or how to find it.

What I say about the value, the effect of controlled light, applies to everything, to the world; our village, the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library  
*The Victory, or Nike,  
of Samothrace.*





[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

country, New York look their noblest for some minutes at dawn, as the sun steals quickly over the horizon and its beams touch the tops of things—when gray night has not had time to get away. Don't forget it is night, shadow, darkness, makes light beautiful. We would not look twice at the moon, or ever see her great beauty, if she floated in a blaze of light.

While in Washington last spring and having in mind the principles here discussed, I walked down to the great obelisk called the Washington Monument. I approached within fifty feet of it and stopped. I could not, nor do I try to, suppress, to convention, my impulses. I thought what a stupid, dull thing this post was, raising its monotonous ugliness for five hundred feet. "Look," I said to my companion, pointing at the bottom and describing its straight upward course; "cold, dead, and bad Egyptian—not even good building. It's only bigger." We turned away resentful, disappointed at the unformed æsthetic spirit in America that built such borrowed piles, unrelated to our men, and in a country governed by a political philosophy opposed to everything Egypt represented. Cleopatra's Needle in New York, in line and proportions, is a thing of individual beauty.

We wandered toward the Lincoln Monument, but our destination was Goodhue's masterpiece, the Sciences Building, to the right of Bacon's Lincoln Memorial. We had crossed Seventeenth Street and were turning toward the Memorial when I looked back.

The purple of the evening hours was settling among the trees; about a third of the shaft was in cool half light; there was no definite sharp sunlight, but the remaining part, in soft rose color, pierced the heavens with a majesty I have seen but few times in my life—once in a grizzled giant redwood, its lofty top holding still the sun when all the world was caught in the gray cloak of evening. So the Washington Monument, like a finger of God, rose into eternity, silent as the pyramids, lonely as Washington.

Then I wondered and exclaimed to my friend, "How beautiful!" and we both marveled. Ah, but heaven had lent a hand—atmosphere, evening, singleness of light lingering upon it alone; and there was a fine Colonial flush on the great shaft that recalled the portraits of those days.

WE tarried in the grip of great beauty, of nature and art, until art lost what nature contributed—lost its soul and became a ghost in the night. We turned toward the Lincoln Memorial. I've always hated it; it represents nothing to me; there is not a line in it that one can, by any stretch of fancy, relate to Lincoln.

Its general form, the architectural orders that clash and are wholly out of spirit with the simple Rail-splitter, and the overscaled statue shoehorned into the anteroom in a classic chair, shock even the craftsman in one, if the artist, poet, or historian be asleep.

We both stopped and each reached to stop the other. Each exclaimed and each swore with pleased surprise:

"It's the tomb of the great Emancipator! It's the mausoleum!" For the spirit of the great Savior of the Republic had entered the memorial.

Marble takes on a wonderful color when the evening sun sinks behind it. The long pool, stupidly regular, ugly in its long, unbroken line, still reflected with great beauty the monument. As it rested there between heaven and earth, it held the body, the soul of Lincoln; the spirit of the hour carried quite to where we stood.

"What do you make of all this?" I asked my companion. "Here are two monuments about which we are agreed that neither, in the full light of day, in form, quality, or conception is above a thousand other make-believe productions in America, though these are the most pretentious—and yet, given certain conditions of light, a certain time of day, which means nature's adornment, they rise into the elemental, they become a part of creation, they succeed not only as fitting memorials to the great they represent but acquire a nobility and beauty, a sincerity all great art attains."

THEN we came to Goodhue's masterwork. I'm prejudiced in favor of Goodhue. I think him easily one of the greatest, one of the most cultured and at once boldest artists America has produced.

But, after the two long-shot impressions we had received of the obelisk and the Lincoln Memorial, I must confess Goodhue's building became a thing to hold in one's hand to caress.

The beauty of Goodhue's form is not dependent on staging, though it is, like all in this world, dependent on light. No man has carried suggestion, delicacy of draftsmanship, exquisite definition as far as Goodhue and retained wholesome, bold, masculine character. The façade of his building is equally fine, but the backbone or sky line, the general upthrust, lacks meaning, is indifferent. I stress this because all great conceptions in form, though not bigger than a scarfpin, show in the faintest light their purpose in contour, their character, and much of their charm.

A careful review of Greek, British, French, and German authors on æsthetics, including Plato, Spencer, Lessing, Baumgarten, and Schiller, leaves our subject as virgin and free as when they began. All agree that Art is an expression of ideals, revealed in sound, language, color, line, and form primarily for the purpose of mental and spiritual or emotional relief, and that Beauty is the inevitable flower that may or may not bloom in the process.

To the artist, the creative soul, I would say this, after a quarter of a century of breathless pursuit: Beauty is ever at large; her boundaries are the infinite; her forms can never be fixed or measured. She is like the rainbow: where the sun ray

and mist meet, there she bows, but you will not see Beauty, you will not ever know her, until the relations are perfect, until in fact you yourself have become her high priest.

*This concludes a series of answers to the question What Is Beauty? which has been appearing from time to time in Liberty.*

*Liberty is offering*

**\$100 Apiece**

*for Short Short Stories*

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—not merely stamps.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.*



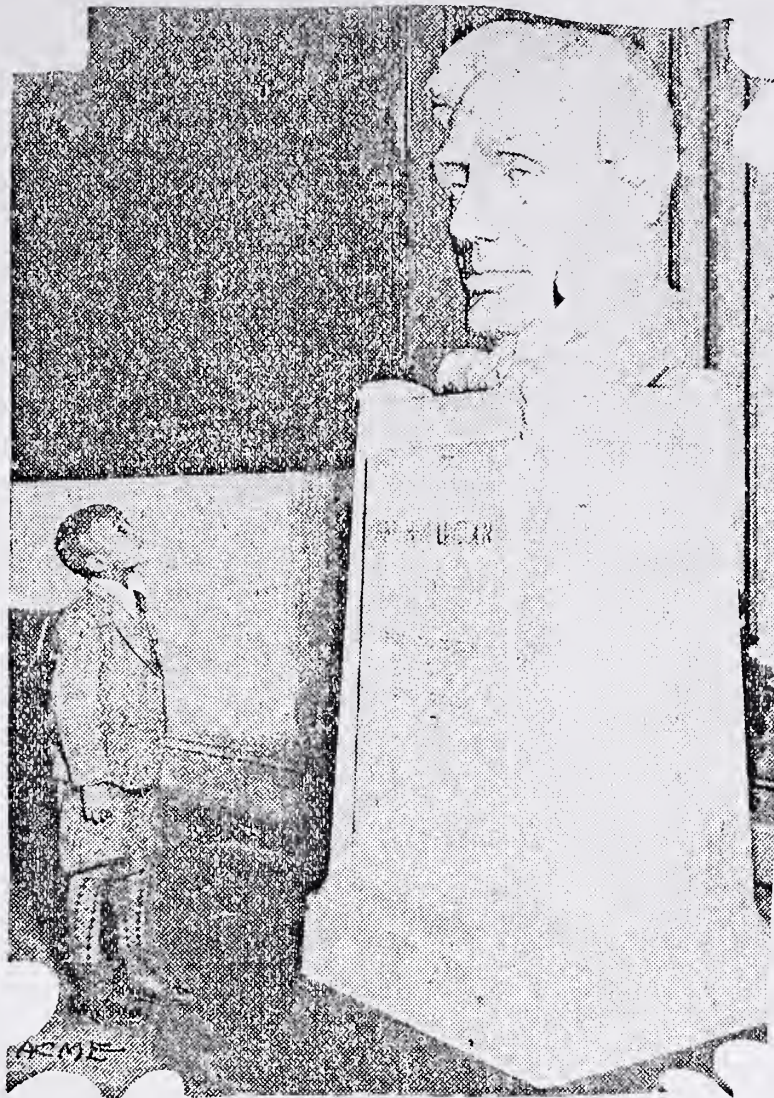
Wide World photo

*The Lincoln Memorial.*





## *"All Men Created Equal"*



The forefathers of young Edward Freeman of Washington were but chattels until Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday is being observed throughout the nation today, proclaimed the emancipation of Edward's race from slavery. Perhaps it is for this reason that the boy often visits the rotunda of the Capitol to stand in reverence before the marble face of his Ideal there, as shown in the photo. Edward's grandfather, released from bondage, was the first negro in Washington to hold a federal position. *NEWARK EVE. NEWS 2/12/30*



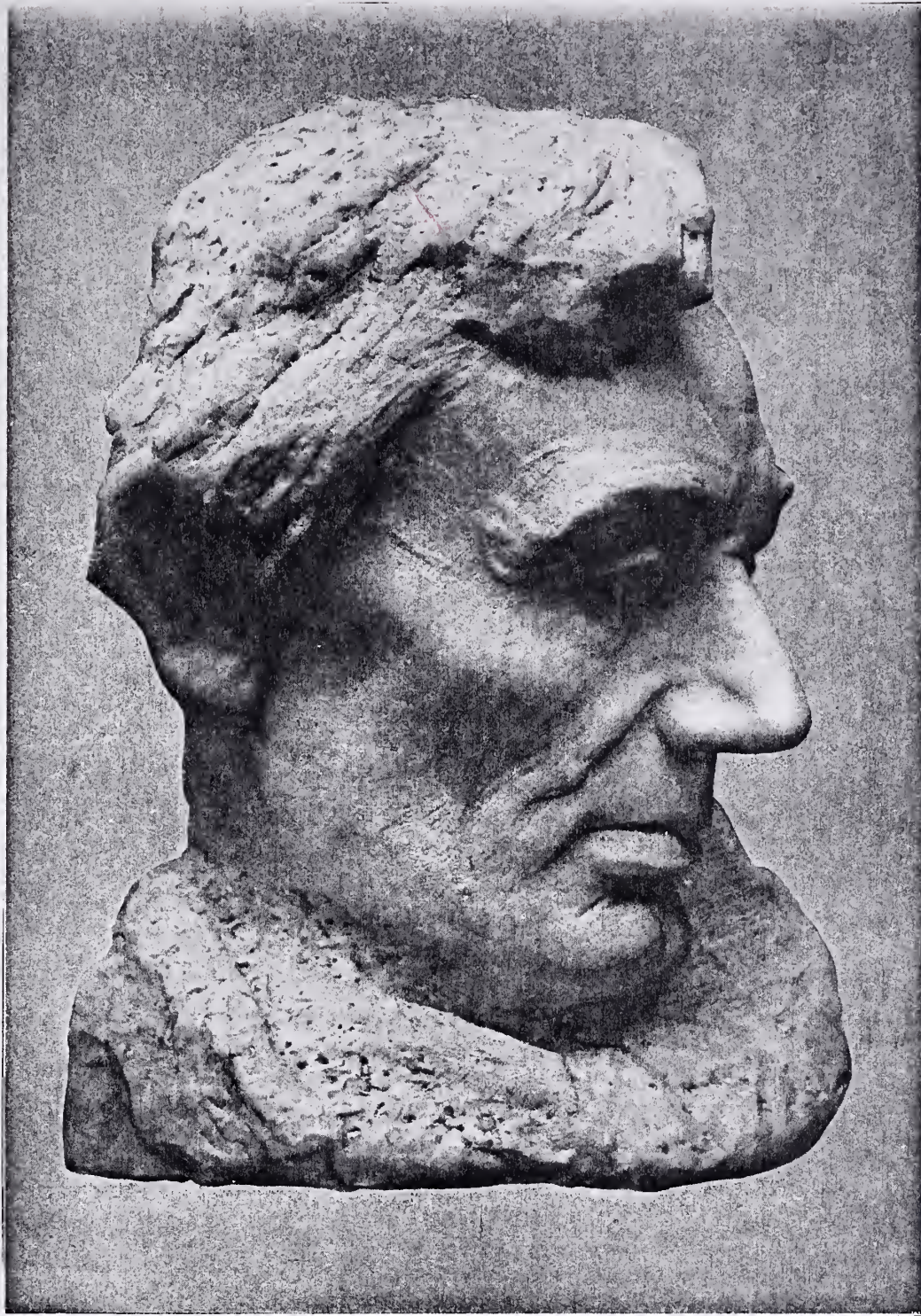




THE FAITH OF THIS  
MAN STOOD BEHIND  
THE EARLIEST ACHIEVE-  
MENT OF C.E. BILLINGS  
WHO FOUNDED THE  
BILLINGS & SPENCER  
COMPANY OF HARTFORD  
THE FIRST COMMERCIAL  
DROP FORGING PLANT  
IN AMERICA







A HEAD WHICH IS AN INTERPRETATION

THE COLOSSAL HEAD OF LINCOLN PLACED BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C., CARVED DIRECT INTO MARBLE FROM UNPUBLISHED DATA IN THE SCULPTOR'S POSSESSION.





## SCULPTOR HAS SOUND EXPLANATION

Daily Oklahoman 2-12-54

## One-Eared Lincoln Not an Oversight

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11—(AP)—Sightseers have often puzzled over the one-eared marble head of Abraham Lincoln that has been exhibited in the capitol rotunda for 46 years.

David Lynn, capitol architect, dug into his files Thursday and came up with sculptor Gutzon Borglum's own explanation for the omission of Lincoln's left ear from the famous work of art.

It was not an oversight. In fact, Borglum slighted the whole left side of Lincoln's face to emphasize the right side. He explained this in a letter to a congressional committee in 1908:

"Lincoln's face was so much more developed on the right side that I have carved this head in the same way—that is developing that side—and any place chosen to place it should give you an opportunity to so read it."

Congress was impressed by the massive head and ordered it placed on a pedestal, also carved out of marble by Borglum, in a conspicuous spot beneath the vast capitol dome.

That Borglum achieved the realistic effect he thought was attested by Robert Lincoln who, in a letter to the sculptor, called the head "the most extraordinary good portrait of my father I have ever seen."

Borglum lent the head to the White House for the emancipator's 100th birthday anniversary in 1908. President Theodore

Roosevelt afterward wrote the sculptor:

"The more I look at it and the more I have thought over it since, the more it has impressed itself on me."

Roosevelt led a campaign to get congress to accept the head as a gift from Eugene Meyer, now chairman of the board of the Washington Post.

Meyer, a friend of Borglum, was among the first to see the Lincoln statue. "I felt it was a great work of art," Meyer recalls, "and told Borglum it should be in Washington."

Meyer offered to buy the work and present it to congress but Borglum discouraged him, saying congress accepted such gifts only from states. Besides, Borglum was virtually unknown at that time. He gained world renown before his death in 1941.

Borglum made bronze copies of the head for the Hall of Fame on the campus of New York university, the University of California at Berkeley, Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Ill., and the Detroit Museum of Art.

He later chiseled several other likenesses of the Civil war president, including one which soars above the Mount Rushmore National park in South Dakota with other Borglum-executed stone portraits of Washington, Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt.

"It was a labor of love," Meyer said.



—(AP Wirephoto)

Mariann Remke of East St. Louis, Ill., points out the missing ear. She is secretary to Rep. Melvin Price (D., Ill.)





BORGLUM

DETROIT

November 28, 1955

Dear Dr. Warren:

The only statue of Lincoln we have in our collection besides the Borglum stone head is a reduced version in bronze by Augustus Saint-Gaudens of the Standing Lincoln in front of a chair, 40 inches high, the heroic version of which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

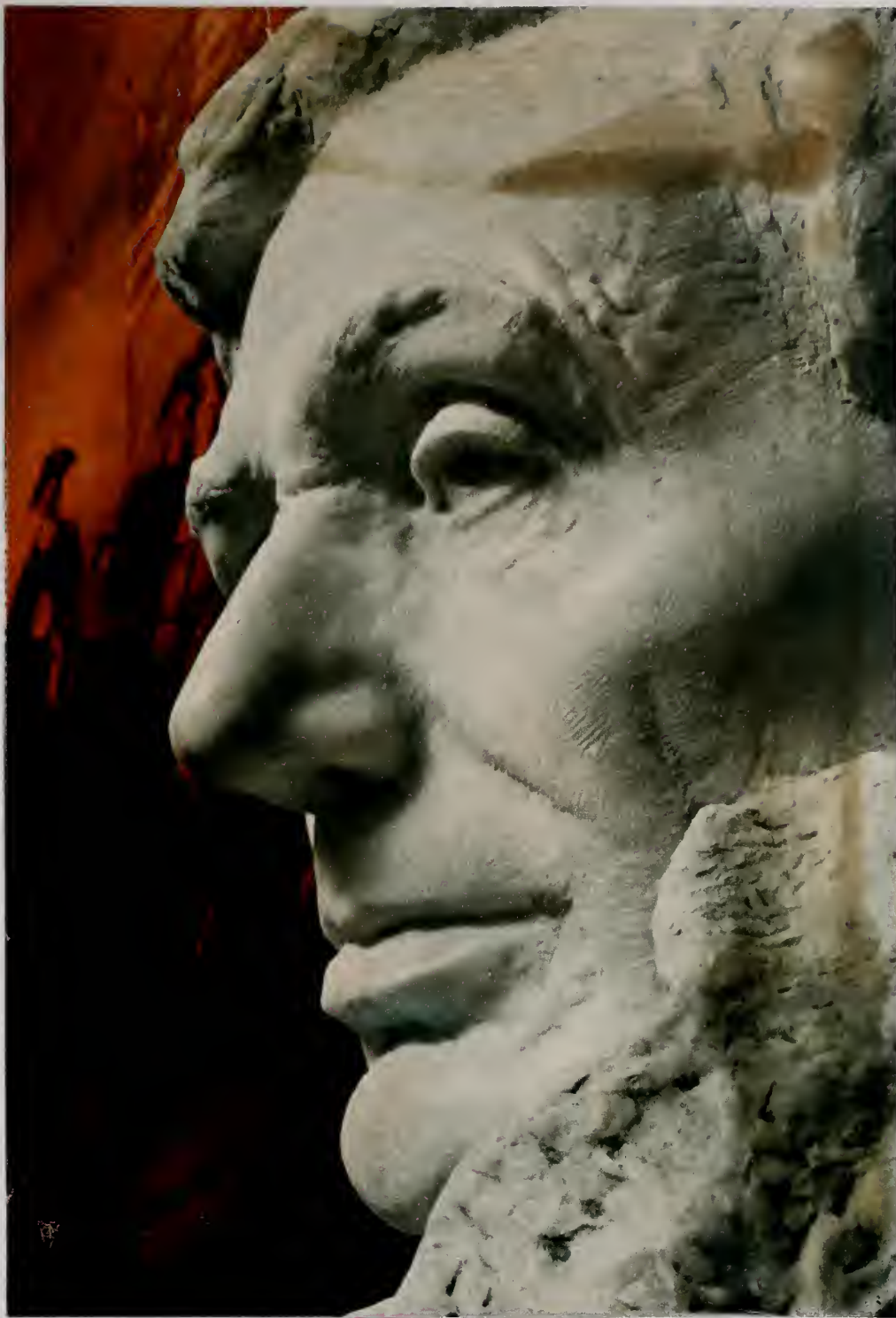
Our Head of Lincoln by Borglum is far greater than life size, standing six feet high without a pedestal.

Sincerely  
Eleanor Ferry  
Registrar



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Louis A. Warren  
Lincoln National Life Foundation  
Fort Wayne, Indiana



THE GREAT spiritual qualities of Abraham Lincoln were startlingly captured by sculptor Gutzon Borglum in this bust in the Main Rotunda. Borglum subsequently used the profile as a model in carving a bearded Lincoln in his famed relief on Mount Rushmore in South Dakota.







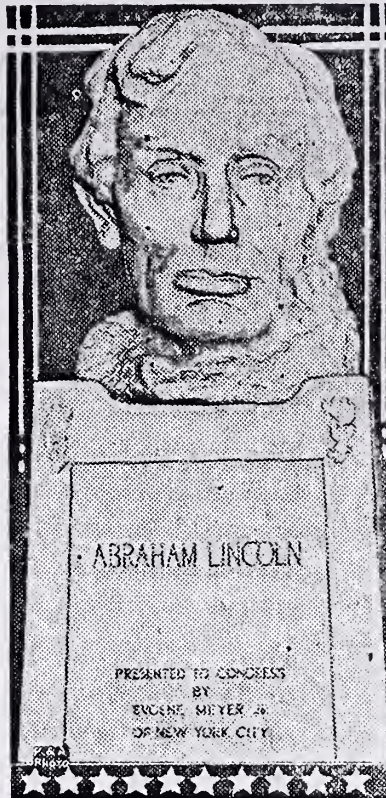
**A MECCA FOR ASPIRING SCULPTORS.** Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, is a magnet to the young sculptors. Here we have Leon Hurwitz, who has made miniature reproductions of all the pieces in the hall.

Copyright by P. & A. Photos.

OLDROYD



**FAMOUS LINCOLN BUST**



Work of Leon Hurwitz, Presented  
to Congress by Eugene Myer, Jr., of  
New York.

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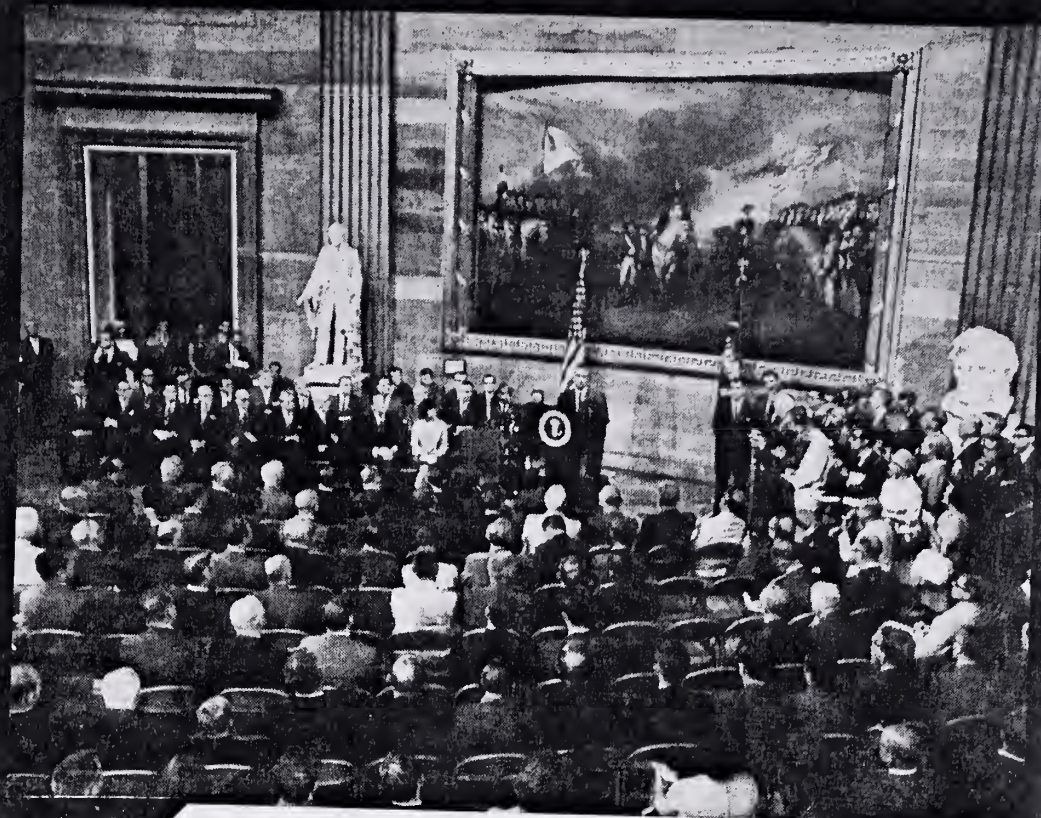
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JOHNSON IN THE ROTUNDA





*Suspense 3/1/72*

February 15, 1972

Mr. Ralph G. Newman  
Abraham Lincoln Book Shop  
18 East Chestnut Street  
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Dear Mr. Newman:

We are trying to secure some information relating to the purchase of a miniature reproduction of the colossal head of Abraham Lincoln by Gutzen Borglum made of white marble that is located in the Rotunda building in Washington, D. C.

Do you have any literature and price listings showing the type of materials and cost these reproductions can be purchased, if they are available?

We do have an old paper clipping that shows Leon Hurwitz standing aside of this head in Statuary Hall and it states that he has made miniature reproductions of all pieces in the hall. If you do not have any literature as to where these reproductions can be purchased, could you possibly give us the address of Leon Hurwitz or anyone else that you know where a miniature reproduction can be purchased?

Thank you so very much.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Mary Jane Hubler  
Asst. to Dr. McMurtry



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# Abraham Lincoln Book Shop

18 East Chestnut Street -:- Chicago, Illinois 60611 -:- Whitehall 4-3085

24 February 1972

Dear Mrs Hubler:

Thank you for your letter of 15 February.

Reproductions of the Gutzon Borglum head of Abraham Lincoln are available from Alva Museum Replicas, 30-30 Northern Boulevard, Long Island City, New York 11101.

A 7-1/4 inch head, bronze finish, is priced at \$9.00; one 11 inches high, is available in either bronze or marble finish at \$27.50.

We do not have any literature on these items and suggest that you communicate directly with the manufacturer.

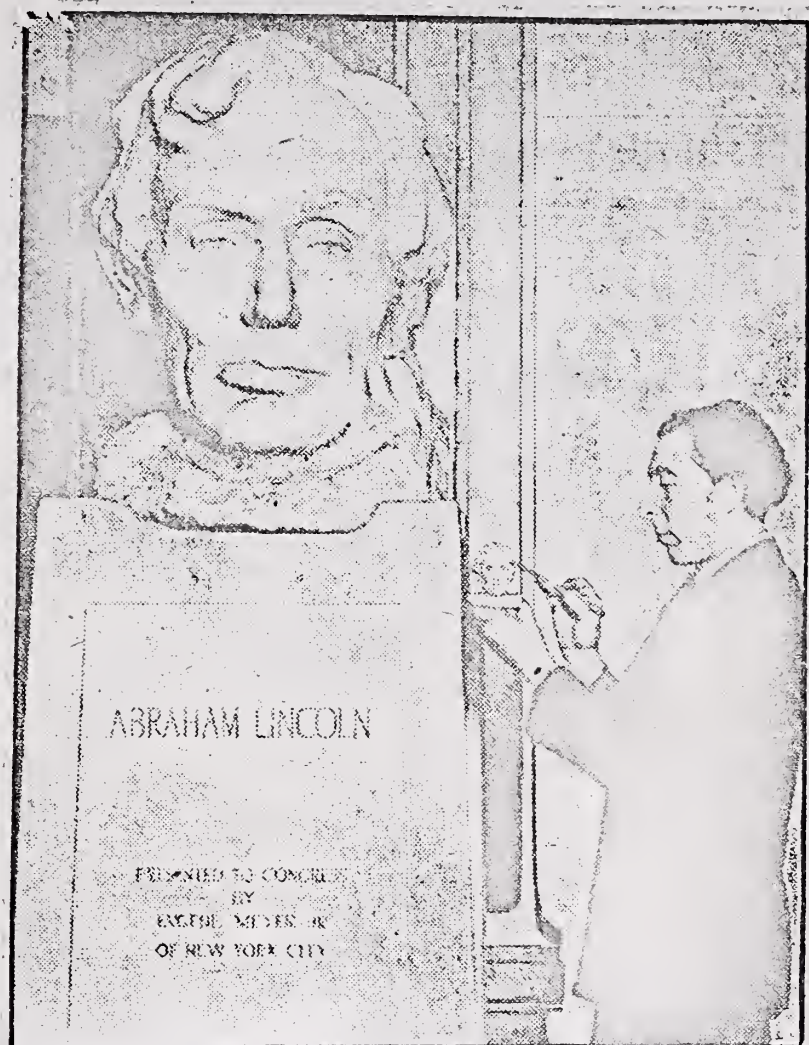
Sincerely yours,

*Margaret H. April*  
Margaret H. April

Mrs Mary Jane Hubler  
Lincoln National Life Foundation  
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46802







A MECCA FOR ASPIRING SCULPTORS. Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, is a magnet to the young sculptors. Here we have Leon Hurwitz, who has made miniature reproductions of all the pieces in the hall.

Copyright by P. & A. Photos.

OLDROYD



*Rec'd reply from H. McMurtry  
2/28/72  
Lupinus 3/1/72*

February 15, 1972

Lincoln Borglum  
210 East Huntington  
Beeville, Texas

Dear Mr. Borglum:

We are trying to secure some information relating to the purchase of a miniature reproduction of the colossal head of Abraham Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum made of white marble that is located in the Rotunda building in Washington, D. C.

Do you have any literature and price listings showing cost and type of material these reproductions can be purchased, if they are available?

We do have an old paper clipping that shows Leon Hurwitz standing aside of this head in Statuary Hall and it states that he has made miniature reproductions of all pieces in the hall. If these miniature reproductions cannot be obtained thru you, could you possibly give us the address of Leon Hurwitz or anyone else that you know where a miniature reproduction can be purchased?

Thank you so very much.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Mary Jane Hubler  
Asst. to Dr. McMurtry



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ROBERT M. GUTZEN  
Washington, D.C.

DRAWER 22

Sculptors - B  
(Busts)

